

## Victim of Bloat Part 4

Time passed in the new world of bloat-prone women. Despite the rapid spread of Spontaneous Female Hyper-Mastia Syndrome, life found a new normal. For some women, their hardships extended only as far as having to buy new bras several sizes larger. For others, it required an entirely new wardrobe. All businesses were required to install the new standard of doorways which were wide enough for the majority of women to enter.

The rare few faced effects on the extreme end of Hyper-Mastia Syndrome. Emily was among them, as she and Jon soon discovered when the school semester resumed. A bout of sudden, rapid engorgement had brought her breasts to monolithic sizes before expelling their contents to paint the side of a building. The virus had made her prone to lactation, as it had every other woman, but the sheer extent of this occurrence had been cause for concern.

Jon sighed as he drove home from work while remembering the visit to the doctor. His previous life felt so distant. This certainly wasn't how he envisioned his college years, but he wasn't complaining either.

"This is rare but not unheard of," the doctor had said. A gloved hand examined Emily's beach ball breasts as they rested upon a table. Paper crinkled under her girth as she breathed and excess milk weighed her bust down. "As we discover more about Hyper-Master Syndrome, we're finding it can have drastic effects on a small margin of women."

"*Mmgh!!*" Emily squeaked when the doctor squeezed a nipple and she held Jon's hand.

"Sensitive?" he asked

"*V-Very...*"

Milk leaked from her pores to coat his glove.

"Mhm, I would expect so..."

*GUUUURGLE*

"*Ah!! They're swelling again!!*"

Jon held her close as Emily endured a wave of sensations. "Why is this happening?? She's never filled this fast before!! Is it because we let her get so big when they first grew?? Are they being stimulated too much?? She was only sitting in class when they overswelled the last time!"

The doctor sighed and placed a suctioning pump on each nipple to relieve her rapidly building pressure. "No, no... It's nothing to do with stimulation. Although stimulation doesn't help..."

*SNAP!*

His glove whipped with a crack when he pulled it off and tossed it in the garbage. "Are you aware of a condition called Galactorrhea?"

The couple shook their heads with worried expressions.

The doctor explained, "It's a condition where a woman will begin lactating without the usual causes, such as pregnancy. Usually it's caused by a hormonal imbalance. When

Hyper-Mastia Syndrome infects a woman already prone to Galactorrhea, the virus' lactation effects compound against the hormonal disorder and lead to what we're calling Hyper-Galactorrhea. This is the cause of your extreme and sudden bouts of engorgement. We estimate it affects roughly one in a thousand women who contract the virus."

Emily looked at her breasts in confusion. "S-So what you're saying is--"

"Even if you hadn't contracted the virus, you still would have likely found yourself lactating heavily and without warning in the near future. I suspect the virus only accelerated your body's internal clock and kicked your hormones into high gear. When it occurs, your breasts will produce an enormous amount of milk to the point of bursting until it's forcefully expelled through your nipples."

Emily gulped. "Y-Yea... That matches what happened..."

Jon could still vividly recall how firm and over-swollen her breasts had become. Had anything been blocking her nipples, perhaps if they had been in the car or an elevator, he didn't want to know what might have happened.

"Is there anything we can do?? I've lactated before, but this was too intense!! I thought I was going to *pop!!*"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid it's something you have to live with for now. Hyper-Mastia Syndrome is wreaking havoc on women around the world. Scientists are looking for answers and cures, but for the near future, its effects are something we have to learn to deal with. In the mornings my wife is usually unable to get out of bed because she's pinned underneath herself. Until some kind of cure is found, I recommend investing in an industrial pump if you can find one. They're sold out in most places but it's not impossible."

Jon pushed the memories out of mind and sighed once more as he neared their home. His life had been forever changed since the day Emily contracted the virus. He wouldn't change it for anything, but arriving home was always a lottery. Maybe dinner would be on the stove, or maybe it would be overloading Emily's chest and filling their bed.

*SLAM!*

His car door shut after parking in the driveway.

*"Mmmgh!!!"*

Moans drifted from their house. They sounded like an animal struggling during labor and loving every second. Jon could already picture the sight awaiting him inside the dwelling.

"Hey, neighbor!" a voice called.

Jon glanced over the fence to see one of their next-door neighbors watering a bed of flowers. The man was middle-aged and balding but always cheerful.

"Sounds like Emily is having a bit of milk trouble today, huh?" he asked, motioning to the house.

*"Auaaauugh!!!"* A cry drifted from the second floor as confirmation.

Jon grinned and nodded. "Yup, our pump has been on the fritz. Company says a warranty replacement is months out."

“Sound about right...” The neighbor scratched his head. “Nora’s been hit pretty hard with her milk the last couple of days. Blew our shower door clean off the wall one morning. I tell ya I never thought a woman’s tits could get so big. I ain’t complaining, though. Sex has never been better.”

The two chuckled and Jon stepped toward the front door. “Yea I understand that! Kind of hard finding lingerie that fits, though!”

“Gotta do bottoms only!” the neighbor insisted. “That’s the only thing they won’t grow out of anymore! Gives you something to unwrap when they get too big and fall forward!”

“I’ll keep that in mind!” Jon waved and entered his home.

“*MMMGGH!!! Jon...??*” Emily’s voice called from upstairs.

“I’m here!” he yelled while taking off his jacket.

“*Oh thank God! I-I don’t think I can take it anymore!! The pump won’t even turn on!!! I’m about to blow up here!*”

Jon hurried upstairs before the bed started creaking from her weight. Every time Emily endured another round of sudden engorgement, she seemed to grow larger than before. The past few months had seen her reach a monolithic size that made even their master bedroom seem small.

“*MMNGH!!! Joooooon!!!*” she gasped in pressurized pleasure when he entered.

“Fuck, you’re big!!”

The mattress was almost hidden under her bulk. Deep veins crossed her breasts like fingers as they buried her legs. Emily lay across them, panting with effort as her milk glands worked overtime.

“*Get...G-Get the milk out...*” she rasped. “*I can’t hold it anymore!*”

“Hang on! Let me get the hose!!”

Jon busied himself in the bathroom. Finding their emergency drainage line, he dragged it from the tub to her nipples. Each one as large as his head, it was a struggle to stuff the pink mound into the cups. Emily’s flesh squished against the plastic when they squeezed her tight and wedged firm around her areolas.

“*Jon... H-Hurry, Jon!!*”

*GUUUUUUURGLE*

“*Aahhhhh I can’t stretch anymore!!!!*”

Jon’s dick was ready. As cumbersome as the process was, he enjoyed coming home to such a sight.

*CRRREEEAAAAAK*

The bed groaned when he joined his lover. He stepped behind her, placing his hands on each breast. Already her shorts were around her ankles. She’d prepared herself for his arrival.

“How did you get so big...?” he whispered, rubbing his pelvis against her rear.

“*Mnngh you know exactly how.*”

*GUUUUUURGLE*

*“M-Mmgh! Jon... My milk... I tried to empty them, but they filled up so fast!! I was trapped in bed before I knew what was happening!”*

His cock rubbed against her dripping pussy. A soaked spot had formed on their mattress directly underneath her hips.

“Sure you’re ready for this letdown? There’s a *lot* of milk in there...” Jon teased. Merely touching her tits sent her into a shivering fit. Emily was at her breaking point.

*“Yes!! Yes, please!! I-I...I need to...come!! I can’t take another drop!!”*

Jon leaned over her and wrapped his arms around the top of her torso. The head of his cock pressed against her slippery lips. *“Let’s empty those milk tanks, then.”*

*SCHLLK*

*SMACK!!*

*“MMMGGH!!!”*

Jon plunged deep into her body until their hips slapped against each other.

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*“AUGH!!”*

Milk sprayed into the hoses and traveled to the bathroom before finding the drain.

*GUUUUUUURGLE!!!*

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

*“MMNGHHHHHH!!!”*

Jon hugged her waist tight. It wasn’t difficult to know when she was about to release her load, but staying inside of her was always a wide ride and guaranteed to get him off.

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

*“Jon...! JON!!! I... I-I... MMNGH!!!! HERE IT COOOOMES!!!!”*

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

*GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!*

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

*SMACK!!*

***SMACK!!!***

Jon gave her every inch he had before locking himself in place. Beneath them, her breasts ballooned into drum-tight mounds. Emily’s milk raged with hormonal anger and pushed her to the utmost limit before her skin strained and trembled.

*“AHH!!! AAHHHH!!!! OOH HH I CAN’T HOLD IT!!!!!!”*

*FWOOOOOSH!!!*

A torrent of dairy surged into the hoses. With the pressure of a rogue fire hydrant, her milk caused the tubes to buck and writhe. Loud sprays came from the bathroom as it entered the tub. Dumping such nectar felt wasteful to Jon, but he knew there was simply too much for him to handle on his own. A village wouldn't have been able to consume the amount of milk Emily produced.

***FWWWWWOOOSH!!***

*“MMNGH!!! I-It’s coming out too fast!!”* she wailed while sliding herself up and down his shaft. *“My nipples!! They’re swelling up!!! I can feel them bulging around the hose cups!!”*

*“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so full!”* Jon chuckled.

*“I’m serious, Jon!! I think the hoses are about to--”*

***POP!!!***

***POP!!!***

***FWWWWWOOOSH!!!***

*“AAAHHH!!!”*

The tubes exploded from her chest. Still large enough to consume their mattress, Emily’s breasts escaped the hoses with their pressure and released their load into the room. Milk assaulted the walls, ceiling, and floor, destroying any art or furniture in sight.

*“I can’t hold it!! I CAN’T HOLD IT!!”* Emily wailed, trying to contain her massive letdown.

*“Let it out,”* Jon urged, fingering her clit and sliding a digit into her crotch alongside his cock.

*“MMMGGH!!!”*

His words seemed to give her the push that she needed. Overwhelmed by her lactation, Emily sank herself into her cleavage and allowed her body to do as it pleased.

***FWWWWWOOOSH!!!***

The destruction was great. For several cock-massaging minutes, Emily endured a lactation-induced orgasm that sent Jon over the edge several times. Watching her breasts dwindle beneath them was intoxicating. When they finally collapsed on top of each other with Emily’s basketball-sized breasts beneath her, it was all they could do to recover and catch their breath.

*“Oh... O-Oh my... Oh my God...”* Emily heaved. *“That’s got to be...the biggest I’ve ever been...”*

Jon kissed the back of her neck. At some point he’d fallen out of her and coated her ass and lower back in cum. Her curves looked like glazed pastries. “Pretty sure you say that every time.”

The room was a mess of milk. Dairy soaked into the carpet and chunks of drywall had been removed from her pressurized release. Their TV sat on the floor bent in half as if struck by a train.

*“It’s going to be such a pain cleaning this up...”* Emily moaned. *“I’m sorry... I really tried to catch it in time! But they just grew so fast...! I-I was pinned down before I knew it!!”*

Jon moved some hair out of her face and kissed her cheek. “Don’t worry. Why don’t we try that new milk disaster clean-up company we saw on TV the other night? First service is free!”

Emily chuckled. “Only if you help me wash up first... I feel like I’m dripping with cum back there and I’m hardly able to stay conscious right now.”

They squeezed each other's arms.

“Whatever you need, my Dairy Queen.”

She giggled at her pet name. Such talk was only going to get her riled up again.

The two embraced each other in the afterglow of sexual conquest. Hyper-Mastia Syndrome had permanently changed the world and the lives of its female inhabitants. Even if there was an occasionally large mess to clean up, Jon didn’t mind. He would do it alongside Emily no matter what. In truth, there was no one else he would rather share such a milk-filled life with.

*The End*